

# The Springfield Sun.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WASHINGTON COUNTY

VOLUME V.

SPRINGFIELD, KY., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1909.

NUMBER 12

## CIRCUIT COURT CONVENES

**Grand Jury Empaneled and Charged.—A Very Light Docket.**

The regular February term of the Washington Circuit Court convened Monday with Judge I. H. Thurman presiding. The first business transacted was the empanelling of the grand jury, which was immediately charged by Judge Thurman. In his instructions Judge Thurman impressed the jury with the fact that it was their duty to indict if in their opinion a law had been broken, regardless of what their opinion of the justness of the law might be. He called attention to the fish laws, the liquor laws, the laws as to carrying concealed deadly weapons, shooting on the public highways, disturbing religious worship and the other offenses usually touched upon by a Judge.

The docket for the present term is very light and the full quota of time allowed will probably not be taken up.

The juries for the present term are as follows:

### GRAND JURY.

E. P. Dedman, Foreman; R. L. Warner, Clerk; J. M. Blanford, Sheriff; Joe A. Ryan, John H. Ryan, Robert Mattingly, John Anderson, S. G. Darland, W. P. Ryan, E. D. Wheatley, J. M. Coyle, Bailey Pinkston.

We were unable to secure the names of the gentlemen on the petit jury.

## EDELEN-FILEATREAU

**The Marriage of Miss Edna Edelen to Mr. Thos. Fileatreau Solemnized at St. Rose Yesterday.**

Yesterday morning at 9 o'clock in beautiful St. Rose Church Miss Edna Edelen and Mr. Thos. Fileatreau, an announcement of whose engagement appeared in the Sun several weeks ago, were married by Rev. Father Higgins. The bridal party entered to the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March and during the ceremony a special musical program was rendered. Miss Mary Haydon singing a solo. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Fileatreau left for a bridal trip after which they will make their home in Louisville.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Edelen and is a sister-in-law of Mr. Sam J. Anderson with whose family she has made her home in Springfield for several years. While living here she has made many friends.

Mr. Fileatreau is a prosperous young business man of Louisville. To Mr. and Mrs. Fileatreau, the Sun extends its heartiest congratulations.

### Taken to Lexington.

Deputy Sheriff S. J. Anderson left yesterday morning for Lexington with Jim McKenna and Ben Lancaster in custody. These are both negro boys and were convicted at the last term of circuit court of housebreaking and sentenced to serve terms in the State School of Reform, Jim McKenna going up for one year and Ben Lancaster for two years.

### Successful Denier.

The ladies of St. Dominic's Catholic church served a sou' wester dinner Monday. It is needless to say that the ladies had prepared any number of good things for the hungry throng and that all who attended were well treated. It seems that the people must have known of the good things on hand, as enough paid their 25 cents per plate for the ladies to realize the neat sum of \$115. This money will be used in the improvement of the cemetery below town.

### Sudden Death.

Bardstown Standard: Mr. James Coomes was found dead in bed at the home of his brother, Mr. Jeff Coomes, Tuesday morning about 5 o'clock. His nephew, Willie Coomes, who occupied the room with Mr. Coomes was conversing with him as late as eleven o'clock the night before when he complained

of a slight pain in the side; beyond this he seemed to be in his usual health. Mr. Coomes is survived by four brothers, Frank, William, Jeff and Cooper Coomes, also four sisters, Mesdames Leonard Baker, of Springfield; Jno. Mulaney, Neil Mulaney, and Miss Mary Lizzie Coomes, of Louisville. Besides the bereaved family, Mr. Coomes is mourned by a large number of devoted friends to whom the Standard extends earnest sympathy. The funeral services were held at St. Joseph's church on Wednesday morning at ten o'clock by the Very Rev. C. J. O'Connell, Pastor.

## "MRS. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM"

**Successfully Presented at the Opera House last Friday Night.**

The play "Mrs. Temple's Telegram" which was presented at the Opera House Friday night by home talent, assisted by Messrs. Ray Bankson and Sydney Morris, was a success both artistically and financially and was thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience. Every part was so well taken and every specialty so well given that it would be difficult to say where the greatest credit is due. The palm should be given to Messrs. Bankson and Morris, however, probably, as they not only acted most acceptably, but had trained the entire cast. The little Spaulding children, Emma and Elizabeth, were very cute and winsome, their singing bringing down the house and calling for an encore.

The proceeds derived from the entertainment, after the payment of the instructors, went to St. Dominic's Church.

## "Two Merry Tramps."



Miss Jessie Bennett

One of the leading actresses in "Two Merry Tramps" to be presented to the people of Washington and adjoining counties at the Opera House, March 6. Twenty characters. Brass band and orchestra. Special scenery. No one can afford to miss this treat as it is the best show that has been in Springfield in several years. Seats on sale at The Red Cross Drug Store Monday.

## HEIRS FOUND BY ADVERTISING

**Ex-Confederate Soldier Leaves Estate in Garrard County Which Goes to Brother's Children.**

Danville Advocate: A dispatch from Lancaster, says: Through an advertisement in newspapers the heirs of Press Griffin (an ex Confederate veteran) have been found in West Virginia. He was a bachelor who came into this country in 1866 and by hard farm work accumulated a valuable blue grass farm and some money. He died last summer leaving a legacy of about \$12,000 to an elder brother that he had not seen or heard of since the surrender at Appomattox. The elder brother has been dead five years but he left a widow and three children who are now on their way here for their legacy. Press Griffin's brother was a poor blacksmith. Who says that advertising does not pay?

## EARLY DAYS OF SPRINGFIELD

**Some Reminiscences of the Fifties.—Something About The Weather and Hog Market**

Mr. J. A. Johnston, the cigar manufacturer of this place, in cleaning up some rubbish in his factory last week, ran across an old account book, which dates back some fifty years or more. There is nothing to indicate to whom the book belonged, but there are a great many names on its pages that are familiar to this generation. We notice several notations made on different pages in regard to the weather, that some of our readers would like to know of that was experienced then at about this season of the year, and possibly some of the older citizens remember: On January 9th and 10th, it is reported that the mercury registered 18 below zero by Dr. Montgomery's and J. W. Rinehart's thermometers. On Jan. 17, 1857, it is noted that a heavy snow had fallen to the depth of 8 inches. The 18th dawned very cold and on the 19th Mr. Covington's thermometer showed 22 degrees below zero.

We notice in this same year mention is made of the hog market by the following: "In the spring and summer hog raisers anticipated high prices for stock. Hogs ranged from \$5.50 to \$6.50 per 100 pounds. McElroy & Browne sold to Simeon Thompson 200 head at \$5.50, delivered Sept. 20th. Money matters became tight about Sept. 1st, and continued so. D. Clever bought about 1,000 head at \$4.00. Great dissatisfaction among feeders, and the market finally went down to \$3.50."

On Nov. 17th, 1857, it goes on to report, it had snowed all the previous night, with high wind. This was the day of the barbecue given in Lebanon in commemoration of the completion of the Lebanon branch of the L. & N. railroad.

Again on January 27, 1858, the notes say that the entire month had been like May weather, but on the 28th continued to rain, turning to snow (the first of the year) and by 7 o'clock P. M. the mercury had dropped to freezing. On Feb. 28th, the thermometer registered 22 above and the coldest day of the winter.

## ANNUAL SALE

**Wharton & Tapp, S. M. Campbell and Bobbitt & Bishop Conducted last Saturday a Great Success.**

The horse sale conducted by Bobbitt & Bishop, Wharton & Tapp and S. M. Campbell last Saturday was the most extensive and the most successful ever held by these gentlemen, and was thoroughly satisfactory to both purchasers and sellers. During the day eighty head were offered for sale and of this number fifty-seven were sold. The prices ranged from \$75 to \$235. Messrs. Bobbitt & Bishop, Wharton & Tapp and S. M. Campbell are already making arrangements for a sale next year which will be held somewhat later in the year than the present one and will be on more extensive scale.

## Opera House March 6th



"The Hobo Two-step."

Scene in "Two Merry Tramps" the leading success of the season. Two y characters. Brass band and orchestra. Special scenery. Seats on sale at The Red Cross Drug Store Monday.

## REMARKABLE DOCUMENT

**Left By Patient in Cook County Hospital.—A Poem In Prose.**

Justice Walter Lloyd Smith, who presides over the third department of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court brought with him to the recent dinner of the New York University Law School Alumni Association what he said was the most remarkable document that ever came into his possession. Others who read the document, the last will and testament of Charles Lounsbury, who died in the Cook County Asylum at Danmington, Ill., were disposed to agree with him. Here it is:

"I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make and publish this my last will and testament, in order as justly as may be to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

"That part of my interest which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposal of in this my will.

"My right to live, being but a life estate, as not at my disposal, but these things excepted all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath:

"Item: I give to good fathers and mothers in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly and generously, as the needs of their children may require.

"Item: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every, the flowers of the fields and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks, and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein and the white clouds that float high over the great trees. And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the moon and the stars of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject nevertheless to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

"Item: I devise to boys jointly all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played, all pleasant waters where one may swim; all snow-clad hills where one may coast and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim Winter comes, one may skate; to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all the pleasures with the dapper blades and butterflies thereof, the woods and their appurtenances, the equirrels and birds, and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found, and I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance, and without any incumbrance or care.

"Item: To lovers, I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, and aught else by which they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

"Item: To young men jointly I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength, that I may make, I give them the power to make lasting friendships and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses, to sing with lusty voices.

"Item: And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers, I leave memory, and I bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live over the old days again, freely and fully, without tithes or diminution.

"Item: To our loved ones with snowy crowns I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children, until they fall asleep."

Use Kentucky Star Flour to bake your cakes and make biscuits. It's light, pure, white and healthful.

## "Jest Lazy."

I'm not the chap fer winter, when the blizzard's on the blow,  
I'm not the one fer looking' fer the flowers beneath the snow;  
An' in Springtime, when the jaybirds air a-risin' of a row,  
I'm not the chap that's huntin' fer a acre fer to plow.

Reckon I'm jest lazy—  
That's the word they say;  
Ruther dream in meadows  
Than plow 'em, any day!

An', talkin' 'bout the summer—I'm a waitin' fer to be  
Where the south-winds air a singin'  
An' a-sayin' things to me;  
With tree fer my umbrella, in the grasses cool an' deep,  
Where the cattle-bells air clankin'—  
makin' music in my sleep!

Reckon I'm jest lazy—  
That's the word they say;  
'Neath a tree's green branches  
I could dream my life away!

Plenty folks fer toilin' in the worl',  
from sun to sun;  
With so many millions they air not a-makin' none,  
An' here is jest the lesson the worl' should take to heart:  
Ef 'twuzn' fer the lazy folks, how would you know the smart?

Reckon I'm jest lazy—  
That's the way it goes;  
When the bees air makin' honey  
I'm a-dreamin' of a rose!  
—Atlanta Constitution.

## BARBER WILL CASE

**Now on Trial at Bardstown.—Of Interest to Washington County People.**

The trial of the Barber will case is being held at Bardstown this week. The outcome of this case is of deep interest to Washington county people inasmuch as the testatrix of the will, Mrs. Cecelia Barber, widow of P. S. Barber, formerly lived here and as the chief beneficiaries of the will are Washington county people. Mrs. Barber died some months ago and her will was duly probated in the Nelson county court, but shortly thereafter a contest was instituted by some of the heirs and devisees on the ground that at the time of the making of the will Mrs. Barber's mind was enfeebled and that undue influence was exerted over her. The best legal talent in the State has been engaged, the contestants being represented by Attorneys John Fulton, Geo. Fulton, John S. Kelly and E. E. McKay, of Bardstown, and J. W. S. Clements, of Louisville, and the proponents by Attorneys John W. Lewis and W. C. McChord, of Springfield, Frank Straus, of Louisville, and Nat. W. Halstead, of Bardstown. Mr. John R. Barber is a son of Mrs. Cecelia Barber and Messrs. John L. Barber and P. S. Barber, grandsons.

## Opera House March 6th



"Two that are troublesome, but necessary." In "Two Merry Tramps," the latest and best hit of the season. Twenty characters. Brass band and orchestra. Special scenery. Seats on sale at The Red Cross Drug Store Monday.

### McChord—Hurt.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hines McChord, of Lebanon, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Laura Harlan McChord, to Mr. Wm. Fairleigh Hurt, of Owensboro, the wedding to be solemnized in the spring at the home of the bride's parents. Miss McChord is well known in Springfield, where she resided prior to several years ago and where she was very popular socially. She is a niece of Messrs. W. C. and C. C. McChord. Mr. Hurt is a prominent young man of Owensboro.

## DIES OF PNEUMONIA.

**Theodore Fenwick Passes Away After An Illness Of Ten Days.**

After an illness of pneumonia of less than ten days, Theodore Fenwick passed away at the home of his brother-in-law, Mr. W. A. Smith, Monday morning at 2 o'clock. Mr. Fenwick was a young man, being only 28 years old and was a member of the well known Fenwick family of this county. He was born and reared in the Fenwick community, but for several years had made his home in Springfield. His father was the late Henry Fenwick, and his mother Sallie Fenwick, who since the death of her first husband, married T. J. Nally and now resides in Nelson county. Besides his mother, the deceased is survived by Mrs. W. A. Smith, Mrs. Alex Smith and Mrs. Ella Montgomery, sisters, and Messrs. Bert and Lev. Fenwick, brothers.

The funeral services were held at St. Dominic's Church yesterday morning.

Theo Fenwick was a young man, who, wherever he lived has made many friends who will grieve to know that he has so prematurely been called away, and who will, throughout their lives, recall that he committed naught, throughout his life, that would injure his fellow man.

## ENTERTAINMENT

**To Be Given Friday Night Should Be Well Attended.—For Benefit of The School.**

The entertainment to be given Friday evening at the Opera House is for the improvement of the Graded School, grounds and buildings, and should be well attended by everyone interested in education and in doing so you are not spending much money or time and at the same time are improving the school buildings and grounds. We can, within a few years, have one of the best, if not the best, school buildings and grounds in the county. We now have one of the best, if not the best, schools of any small town in the State, and we should be proud of it and if we continue the work little by little we are doing good, so do not let the opportunity pass to do a little something for the cause. Children, rich or poor, can prepare themselves right here at home for any line of business they may wish to engage in. We have as good a corps of teachers as can be found anywhere and we should assist them by keeping up the building and grounds which add lots more than one can imagine. Just look around over Washington county and see the school houses and the condition they are in. How many have a school house to-day that they can send their children to in winter without danger of sickness caused by damp, open school rooms. The writer happens to know about some of them because he has spent many a recess or dinner hour helping his teacher climb up the walls, floor and windows trying to keep the room a little warmer. It is a shame when we can so easily avoid those things by the people only taking a little of their time and looking after their school. The older people know better than their children what it means to-day not at least to get some education while young. So let us all work together in this matter and the day is not far ahead when we will look back and see the little expense and time and what it has accomplished.

### Heavy Rains.

The heavy rains of yesterday have put the streams of the county on a boom. Cartwrights creek at some points was as high as it has been in years, and is reported in town this morning that the Big Beach was so high at Maud that the pressure from the water carried away part of the fill erected at the time of the construction of the new bridge. People in different parts of the county are water bound, and no doubt when full reports are received it will be discovered that the county has suffered considerable damage.

## Picturesque Scenery Mountain Beauties Mild Climate

As we sit by our fireside on these chilly mornings beholding mother earth clothed in mantles of immortal white, we cannot but compare this uncertain climate with that of other sections where sudden changes are unknown. Quite a contrast, indeed. Take for instance the lowlands of Paeolet Valley, in the great Thermal Belt section of the Blue Ridge mountains in Southwestern North Carolina.

Here we have the ideal winter climate; temperature 55 to 70 degrees during the entire winter, which usually lasts from December 15 to February 25.

After February 25 warm weather is experienced invariably until the heat of summer, which rarely ever exceeds 90 degrees, and there is slight variation from this stand either way.

Here we have not only an ideal climate, but a picturesque mountain scenery. From the head of Paeolet River to its very mouth can be seen mountains of various heights, from 1,500 to 3,250 feet, and the natural scenery to be enjoyed here is beyond the conception of those who have never beheld nature's beauties in all their splendor.

First we notice a peak that is practically bare, with exceptions of here and there a few scrubby oaks or spruce pine, and wonder at its insignificance, yet when we study it carefully and compare its sides, almost perpendicular, and in many places impassable, we find a series of falls, beginning at its very summit from a small spring and fed incessantly to the pool at the base by small rivulets that reflect the purity of the clear mountain water that flows over cataracts and falls for thousands of feet never losing its beauty until it rests in the placid pool from which the scrubby cattle and mountain hogs quench their thirst.

Imagination cannot portray the beauties thereof, and the beauties can hardly be realized when beheld by the naked eye.

Next we enter into the numberless caves and canons in variation of sizes from the smallest imaginable to those of huge extent and tremendous height. Go also into the Thermal Belt valley on the Eastern side of Melrose mountains and here we find an elevated level extending for thousands of feet along the mountain side where no frost or

dew was ever known, and where, on the first day of January, 1908, the writer plucked ripe strawberries from the pretty berry plants and also a handful of the prettiest violets ever beheld.

This is not only one of the richest spots in that section and best adapted for the growing of fruits and vegetables, but a freak of natural curiosities. Next we go to the heights of Tyron mountain, 3,270 feet, and enter into the celebrated asbestos mine where, though now abandoned, we see the mineral substance, similar in composition to the hardest quartz, from which comes the manufactured sheet used in lining our monster engine that wends its way through our fertile valleys and up the heights of many hills. Also this cloth—as it resembles cloth so much—is used for lining our ranges and fireproof vaults, etc.

Then we can go to the Southern Railway and follow its course for a few miles for a few soul inspiring, hair raising scenes.

From Paeolet Valley we wend our way over the rugged mountain side, the gigantic engines reeling from side to side from the strain of a train of cars or coaches, slowly but steadily winding around reversed curves, horse shoe bends and over trestles, until we reach the foot of the world famed Saluda Grade.

Here we find in waiting another mammoth engine known as "The Helper." This engine gets in the rear of the train and together the ascent is begun. At first a speed of about 50 miles per hour is attained, and when the grade is reached the momentum only carries these monster pieces of machinery for a few hundred feet when the speed slackens and the escaping steam is heard hissing through the air on a powerless message.

Slower and slower the wheels turn until at last any one may step out upon terra firma and walk along the side of his coach at a speed of leisure and keep up with the cars.

For a distance of three miles this ascent is gradually kept up until we reach the top of Saluda mountains, a distance of 1,500 feet from the starting point at the base.

On this terrible grade are two safety

tracks to be used in cases of emergency. Should the breaks cease working and the engine get from under control of the engineer, the train is switched to the safety wher all repairing can be done ere the perilous journey is resumed.

Next we leave the railroad tracks to the left and follow a rough trail through the hills and valleys to the Melrose Falls. These Falls are not equal in magnitude to the Niagara Falls, but at an hour when the sun's rays fall direct on the beautiful falling waters Niagara sinks into insignificance as to resplendent beauty. The spray shoots through the air for several feet, as so many diamonds thrown from nature's hand, and fall to the depth below to find a sweet repose in the bosom of the peaceful lakes.

Here nature's handwork bursts forth with beauties untold and splendors unheard of. One may think that with these beauties before your eyes, a flower would not appeal to the heart, but a lover of nature never ceases to behold her beauties, and around these Falls can be found a perfect carpet of Galax, a small flower, or rather a plant, the leaves of which are the most beautiful the writer ever beheld. They vary in size from a dollar to the size of a dinner plate and are of various colors. Red and green being the prevailing colors.

There we behold the Rhododendron, a shrubby flower that is among the most beautiful to be found in any mountain district, the branches are covered with long clusters of white and pale blue flowers of a very fragrant odor.

Then turning to our right or left we notice the tiny sprays of trailing Arabus covered with tiny bell shaped flowers of very delicately perfumed petals. These little vines trail over the mountains in every direction but will not grow elsewhere, as it is impossible to transplant them successfully.

We then notice the slopes and mountain side bedecked here and there with patches of Azalia. The flaming beauty of these sweet-scented flowers cannot be imagined, as their many branches are covered almost totally with large clusters of long, cylindrical shaped flowers similar to our domesticated honeysuckle, and would well be known as the wild honeysuckle. For many yards the sweet odor arising from these flowers is easily perceived.

Considering the figures described it would seem impossible to find anything more beautiful, and in a sense it is practically so. Yet when we think of the pretty views to be obtained from Sunset View, Hog Back Mountain, Warriors Mountain and other well-known points too numerous to mention, we realize that, although it does not surpass it, it is equal to the beauties before described.

From Sunset View is to be seen the prettiest sunset ever witnessed. The sun spreading its spent rays reflecting o'er the thousands of acres of pine forests casts a hue of untold beauties over a vast area of the prettiest landscape to be viewed from any other point.

Here we also get a fair view of Mt. Mitchell in Mitchell county, North Carolina, the highest peak east of the Rockies, it being 6,762 feet. The topmost point is free from all nature's growths except a small amount of Balsam.

From Hog Back Mountain we view the scope of pretty landscape in and around Greenville, South Carolina, taking in vast cotton fields and extending into Georgia.

We also have a splendid view of the mountains in Western North Carolina. Lying in these mountains is a forest preserve of several thousand acres belonging to W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., in which is one of the largest and most far famed artificial lakes within the United States. This lake is the home of some of the finest game fish to be found, and is overlooked by Taxaway Hotel, one of the largest and most capacious of its kind in any State South of the Mason-Dixon line.

Within the boundaries of this great preserve can be found in vast numbers deer, bear, turkeys, panther and several species of smaller wild animals.

This vast expenditure sinks into insignificance when we come to Blittmore, a town two miles from Asheville, built and owned entirely by young Vanderbilt. Here we find homes of magnificent structure and Ethelwiltic streets, representing the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of the Vanderbilt millions. Not far from this pretty town is the magnificent Vanderbilt mansion, overlooking a vast area of the most fertile lands in Western North Carolina and surrounded by miniature lakes, walkways and driveways so artistically arranged as to resemble the Roman mansions of ancient history. Here it is that the younger of the Vanderbilt estates enjoys the quietude of a peaceful summer away from the bustle of business life.

Space and patience on behalf of the topographical manager forbids us entering more minutely upon the details of other historical places in this grand country in the Land of the Sky in the Grand, Old North State.

Yours for success,  
JAS. MORAN, JR.

Sun and Times, \$3.50.

## VISITS WITH UNCLE BY

Scooping the Herald.  
There were two daily newspapers in Carlson City. Almost everybody, even the editors, agreed there was room for only one.

"But they're both here," commented Uncle Abner Hydon, silvering the dry goods box on which he sat, "neither one will give up, so what's to be done about it?"

This was the view that the business men took of the situation, barring occasional moments of scrambling when the bills for advertising came in. And this was the exact status of affairs when Bradley, the new city editor of the Daily Press, took hold and vowed to make a record and a newspaper at the same time.

Naturally in a small city where almost everybody knows everybody else, as the saying is, the rivalry between the two newspapers was intense and the editorial columns vituperative. The editorial forces of each paper watched the editorial forces of the other like the proverbial hawk and the rival paper was always anxiously scanned upon arrival for beats and javelin thrusts.

Bradley had been on the ground about a week when a wicker crate resembling a huge bread basket arrived and was duly delivered to him. There was an unoccupied fourth story to the Press building and Bradley carried his basket up the stairs and into one of the back rooms. Then he walked down to the mill for a small sack of wheat.

I don't know whether a divine providence sometimes orders things just to suit a newspaper reporter or whether it just happens that way, but when Bradley came down to the office that morning two months after the arrival of the basket, with the rivalry still intense and both papers claiming the ascendancy, he held the trump card in his hand.

During the night, the daughter of one of the most prominent men of the county had wandered miles from her home after dark, taken poison and been found dead in a creek near the river. The Herald reporter had scurried off ahead of Bradley to the inquest and the Press reporter was duly excited. Events of this character are few in small cities and the news was important.

Bradley stepped to the telephone and ordered a team sent to the office. Then he disappeared up the stairs and came back with a basket which he carefully deposited in the rumahut.

"Be sure and watch the bell," he admonished his assistant, and was gone up the road. Three hours dragged by and the editor of the Press was fuming at Bradley's non-return. A careful excursion, however, showed that Briggs of the Herald was also still out on the story. Eleven o'clock came. The assistant city editor was busy at his desk when he heard a bell tinkle on Bradley's desk.

Dropping his work he ran up stairs pell-mell. In a minute or two he returned with a slip of paper in his hand. Opening it he read:

Body taken to home 12 miles southeast, coroner's jury just empaneled. Watch birds.

Fifteen times that afternoon the bell on Bradley's desk rang its summons. Fifteen times the assistant rushed hurriedly up three flights of stairs and returned with added information regarding the suicide. At 1:30 o'clock the bell rang for the last time. The assistant returned to his desk bearing the verdict of the jury and the figures "30" signed to the message. At 2 o'clock the Press was on the streets and the newboys were crying their extra.

Up in the office of the Herald there was chagrin and vituperative phrases. Bridges, the invincible, had been de-throned by Bradley, the upstart. At 2:30 o'clock, Bradley arrived home with an empty basket.

"Did they fly well?" he asked anxiously of the assistant, who gave him a warm salutation.

"Well, I should smile!" replied that functionary, thrusting forward a copy of the Press.

"I was afraid they might not," said Bradley, taking the newspaper. "You see I have had them here only two months, and I was fearful the little devils might light out for Pennsylvania, where they were raised."

"Say," interrupted the editor, enthusiastically, "those pigeons of yours have earned their grub at last!"

"I thought they would," replied Bradley, lighting his pipe. "They almost always do."

Byron Williams

## New Blacksmith ..Shop..



I have opened a Blacksmith Shop at the old Kelly Shop at Pleasant Grove and am prepared to do all kinds of

**Blacksmithing,  
Woodwork,  
Gunwork, Etc.**

An invitation is extended to all my friends to give me a trial.

**Satisfaction Guaranteed.  
Moderate Prices.**

**S. B. Thompson, Jr.**

Pleasant Grove, Ky.

### SUNFLOWER PHILOSOPHY.

In one respect a holiday is like a funeral. You can't get back to a working basis until you forget it.

We don't want to knock any laurels off Job's brow, but he never had to answer a telephone in all his life.

In real life you cannot hope for the same success in thwarting the villain that comes to the hero in the play.

An enthusiastic person is seldom a favorite. Don't admire anything; always looks as though you have better at home.

The young men are giving the girls such big lockets that almost as much can be engraved on them as on a tombstone.

"Do you know the meaning of tact? That is what a woman possesses when she can propose to a man and make him believe he did it himself."

They must be terribly shiftless in the old countries. Letting the cobwebs accumulate on their wine bottles in the cellar, and bringing it to the table that way.—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the past 16 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Springfield Sun, \$1.00 per year  
The Star and Courier-Journal, \$1.50  
The Springfield Sun, \$1.00 per year

## FINE FARM For Sale!

We desire to sell our farm at Fredericktown, Ky., Washington county.

**FARM CONSISTS OF  
400 Acres**  
175 ACRES FINE BOTTOM LAND, BALANCE UPLAND WITH PLENTY OF VIRGIN SOIL AND TIMBER.

All of the bottom land and most all of the upland grows fine tobacco. Improvements are: Modern Brick of ten rooms, 3 good tenant houses, tobacco barn, stock barn, and all necessary buildings to each house. Will sell as a whole or in 3 or 4 parts, with improvements on each part. Possession of two houses and one-half or more of the land can be given now, and all other contracts will be turned over to purchasers.

Call on or address  
**Mrs. M. L. or Pearl Connor,**  
Fredericktown, Ky.

## IF YOU WANT THE BEST FLOUR

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

**Pride of Washington or  
Springfield's Choice**

MANUFACTURED BY  
**J. W. JARBOE & CO.**

Highest market price paid for WHEAT

**THE SUN  
and TIMES \$3.50**

## Mill, Elevator, Residence and Land for Sale.

This mill property known as the Bradfordsville Roller Mills is a thoroughly equipped plant with a capacity of 50 barrels of flour daily, besides meal and Graham flour. The plant is in daily operation, producing brands that have a reputation not excelled by any. The Elevator was built in 1907, has a capacity of 20,000 bushels and is equipped with the latest improved machinery. The business was established in 1875 and is in favor with a large, steady and profitable trade.

The residence is a new two-story ten room frame with all necessary outhouses, barn, buggy shed, corn-crib, etc., all in good repair, on a lot 180 feet front by 375 feet deep, lawn beautifully shaded by large maples, 130 feet of colonial porch around front and sides of house. One of the most comfortable and desirable homes in Marion County. Attached to this is a plot of about 14 acres of the very finest bottom land, than which there is none better in the State.

The whole property lies together in the edge of the town of Bradfordsville, Ky., a beautiful village with good churches and school, in the valley of the Rolling Fork, 10 miles from Lebanon, Ky., the seat of Marion County, where the nearest mill is located, and where this mill has a good trade. This is an unusual opportunity for a handsome home and a profitable, well established business. The whole property will be sold to the highest bidder on the premises, Wednesday, March 10th, 1909, at Executor's sale. Terms made known on day of sale. For further information, call on or address,

**T. B. & B. E. TERHUNE, Executors,**  
Bradfordsville, Ky.

## FOR A LIMITED TIME

YOU CAN GET

**THE Louisville Times**

Regular Price \$5.00 a year.

—AND THE—

**Springfield Sun**

**Both One Year**

—FOR—

**\$3.50**

**The Louisville Times is the best afternoon  
Paper Printed Anywhere.**

Has the best corps of correspondents.  
Covers the Kentucky field perfectly.  
Covers the general news field completely.  
Has the best and fullest market reports.  
Democratic in politics, but fair to everybody.

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To this paper—not to The Louisville Times. This special low offer may be withdrawn at any time. SO GET IN NOW. This rate is good only for MAIL subscriptions, and we cannot accept orders for The LOUISVILLE TIMES where that paper has a regular agent who furnishes papers by the month.

..Two Papers for Less Than the Price of One..

—SEND ALL ORDERS TO—

**The Sun, Springfield, Ky.**

# Bargain Subscription Offers!

## During February Only!

During the month of February we will offer the following clubbing rates:

**The Sun  
and**

**LOUISVILLE TIMES \$3.50**  
**EVENING POST - \$3.50**  
**LOUISVILLE HERALD \$3.25**  
**Weekly Courier-Journal \$1.50**  
**" Herald - - \$1.25**

**A  
Year**

**Send all Orders to THE SPRINGFIELD SUN**

### CALLED ON GOD

**To Shake Earth to Show He Is Powerful.**

Harrodsburg Herald: The most extraordinary coincidence I ever heard of has come to my knowledge, writes a correspondent who is in Messina, the scene of the earthquake, to the New York Times. To my certain knowledge, for the tale is so wild I would not write it if I had not the proofs. It is one of the stories one sometimes hears from ignorant and superstitious persons and treats as unworthy of serious attention. My informant was an old friend, one of the Italian officials, but even his word did not carry conviction at first.

In a former letter I spoke of the torn announcement of a paper published for the first time the day before the destruction of the city and called "The Future." This coincidence struck me as sufficiently dramatic and pathetic, without further details, but the rest of the story is far more remarkable.

It seems that there were many free thinkers at Messina, and free thinkers of the Latin type, not merely doubting or unbelieving, but violently opposed to anything that savored of religious belief. This new paper belonged to them, and the first number was filled with attacks not only on the church but on all religion. The editor, not content with saying in his heart, "There is no God," devoted a violent editorial to the subject and used these words addressing God:

"If you are not an impotent fool, send us an earthquake to prove you exist." That very night the city was destroyed.

I have seen the paper and have read the editorial with my own eyes, or I would not write the story. My Italian friend was deeply moved by it, as indeed anyone would be, standing in the midst of this hell that was Messina. He was so much moved that I ventured to remonstrate.

"Surely you don't think that the great, righteous God we are taught to believe in would destroy thousands of

lives like this just for a petty spite—a spirit of childish, 'I told you so?'" He said no. It was incredible but he went away unconvinced in his heart. Indeed the effect of the editorial has acted like wildfire among the impressionable Italians of the south and made a tremendous impression. The editor will have been the best missionary the Catholic church has had for many a year.

### Top Prices.

Lexington, Ky., Feb. 17.—The "experimental hogs," as the swine reared at the Kentucky Experiment Station in this city by the various tests of food are called, were sold to James Price, a local butcher, at a uniform price of 6 cents a pound. The hogs were from the best breeds, and owing to the careful attention given to their feed they commanded a higher price than is paid for common swine. The hogs were divided into nine lots and fed rations made up of the following feeds: Lot 1, cornmeal and cottonseed meal; lot 2, cornmeal and oilmeal; lot 3, ground wheat; lot 4, cornmeal and alfalfa hay; lot 5, cornmeal; lot 6, cornmeal and Swift's digester tankage; lot 7, ground barley and cottonseed meal; lot 8, cornmeal and soy beans; lot 9, cornmeal and shipstuffs. The experiments carried on this fall and winter are duplicates of those carried on last year. A bulletin is soon to be issued on the results of these feeding tests.

### 'Twas A Glorious Victory.

There's rejoicing in Fedora, Tenn. A man's life has been saved, and now Dr. King's New Discovery is the talk of the town for curing C. V. Pepper of deadly lung hemorrhage. "I could not work nor get about," he writes, "and the doctors did me no good, but, after using Dr. King's New Discovery three weeks, I feel like a new man, and can do good work again." For weak, sore or diseased lungs, Coughs and Colds, Hemorrhages, Hay Fever, LaGrippe, Asthma or any Bronchial affection it stands unrivalled. Price 50c. and \$1.00. Trial Bottle free. Sold and guaranteed by Haydon & Robertson.

The Springfield Sun, \$1.00 per year. The Sun and Courier-Journal, \$1.50.

### Big Farm Sale.

Danville Advocate: One of the largest real estate deals that has taken place in this county for some time was that of yesterday when Thomas Metcalfe sold his farm of six hundred acres to A. J. Thompson, of East Lincoln county. The price paid was \$100 per acre. Mr. Metcalfe purchased this farm about three years ago from Mr. A. E. Hundley at \$80 per acre. Possession will be given on or before April 1st, next.

This is another illustration of how rapidly Boyle county real estate is going up. Every piece of property that has changed hands in this county for the last three or four years has shown a very healthy increase in its value. Moral, buy Boyle county farming land and go to sleep and wake up rich.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Metcalfe and his most excellent family will buy other property in Boyle. Mr. Thompson and family will find a warm welcome awaiting them among the citizens of this county.

## Women Inclined To Constipation

**Great Care Should Be Taken Not to Use Violent Cathartics**

Women, owing to their peculiar functions, are more or less liable to constipation and many of them owe their continued ill health to the pill habit. A well known physician lays the majority of cases of foul breath, bad complexion, disordered stomach, sick headache and female weakness to constipation and the constant use of violent cathartics to overcome it.

We believe women will be glad to learn of a safe reliable bowel and stomach remedy that is pleasant to take and that the first few doses will certainly produce natural daily movements without pain or gripe and in a short time establish a permanent cure. It is so effective it has cured cases of 60 years' standing and yet so mild and safe thousands of mothers give it to their babies. Jennie Greenham, Nashville, Tenn., says: "I suffered almost death with torpid liver and indigestion and Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin gave me quick relief." Elster M. Berchmans, of Mt. St. Mary's Academy, Oklahoma City, says: "We have found Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin satisfactory as a gentle laxative and stomach tonic." Mrs. Myrtle Mather, Chicago, says: "My daughter was troubled since birth with constipation and sick headache. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin cured her." Mrs. Isabella Wheeler, Preston, Ind., says: "It is the best remedy for constipation and stomach trouble I have ever used." Mrs. R. H. Brown, Adlington, Okla., says it gave her prompt relief from constipation and torpid liver. Mrs. Under says: "Twenty-three years ago I was taken with stomach trouble. Three years ago I had become so weak I could hardly walk. I took Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and today am as well as ever. Druggists sell it at 50c and \$1.00 per bottle.

We are glad to send a free sample to any one who has not used it and will give it a fair trial. Address Pepsin Syrup Co., 208 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill.

For sale by The Red Cross Drug Store

## HER GHOST INSISTS ON CHANGING VEILS

**WOMAN'S FAMILY, SCARED, WILL TAKE UP COFFIN AND MAKE SUBSTITUTION.**

Newark, N. J.—So that a black veil may be substituted for the white one that now enshrouds the face of Mrs. Gerardo Tramutola, her grave will be opened. City Clerk Connelly has issued a permit for the opening of the grave, and the members of Mrs. Tramutola's family will hasten to make the substitution of veils.

Ever since the woman was buried a few days ago the members of her family have complained they are haunted by her spirit. Mrs. Tramutola, when the physicians told her she was dying, asked her relatives to tie a black veil about her face before



Mrs. Tramutola's Spirit Reproves Them Every Night.

her body was placed in the coffin. She said she had strong reasons for wanting the black veil, and those who gathered about her bedside promised faithfully to carry out her request. But in their grief after she died they forgot all about the black veil. Instead, they had a white one tied about her face.

Since then relatives of Mrs. Tramutola have made many efforts to obtain permission to open the woman's grave, so they might carry out her dying request. The authorities, believing the reasons given for wanting to take up the body were frivolous, refused to issue the necessary permit.

But Connelly became convinced that the Tramutola family would have no peace of mind until the veils were changed. The dead woman's children told him they feared they would break down mentally unless they were permitted to change their mother's veil. They said they were unable to

sleep, and that Mrs. Tramutola's spirit appeared every night in the fields, arriving and scolding them for not having carried out her wish. The spirit complained it was being choked by the white veil, and was in constant torture.

"Please let us open the grave and change the veil," one of the woman's children said, tearfully, to Connelly. "My mother's spirit must be suffering terribly or she would not come to us at night. I see her sufferings in my dreams, and I am afraid to go alone to my room in the house for fear her spirit will appear before me."

Connelly decided the relatives were so wrought up over the mistake they made in the color of the veil that they really were suffering mental torture. It was to relieve their minds he issued the permit for the opening of the grave.

### FLAGS TRAIN WITH "NIGHTIE"

**Man Saves Engine and Oil Cars from Burning Trestle.**

Muskogee, Okla.—Aroused from sleep by a bright glare in the sky Hubert Tanner, a farmer living near San Hole, a mining town near here, the other night discovered that the Midland Valley bridge near his farm was ablaze.

Realizing that an east-bound train was soon due, he hastily donned a few garments and skirted the fields, arriving at the railroad track just as the train approached the doomed bridge.

By dint of frantic shouting and waving a night shirt, which in his excitement he had carried with him, he succeeded in stopping the train just as the pilot of the engine was within a car length of the burning trestle.

The fire is supposed to have been started by tramps as retaliation for having been ejected from a freight train the afternoon previous.

### Fox Climbs a Tree.

York, Pa.—The Red Lion Hunt club had a new experience when a big gray fox which had been liberated when hard pressed by more than 100 dogs climbed 20 feet into a tree.

As the animal saw the hunters coming, however, it leaped from a branch into the middle of the pack of hounds and, after a brief but fierce fight, was torn to pieces. Apparently it deliberately chose this method of death rather than be ignominiously shot.

The fox was crossing a field on the farm of D. C. Kaltzfelder, and was in full sight of a number of the hunters when it went up the tree. Until they came up and recovered its torn body they were inclined to think that the hounds had switched onto the trail of a cat, as this is the first instance recorded in this locality of a fox performing such a feat.

**WE PRINT  
SALE BILLS  
AND PRINT THEM RIGHT**

### CLUBBING RATES

—WITH—  
**LOUISVILLE DAILIES.**

|                                                                       |        |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| The Sun and The Louisville Times one year.....                        | \$3 50 |
| The Sun and the Daily Courier-Journal (except Sunday).....            | 6 40   |
| Same including Sunday.....                                            | 8 20   |
| The Sun and the daily Courier-Journal any three days in the week..... | 3 75   |
| The Sun one year and the daily Courier-Journal any three months.....  | 2 30   |
| The Sun and the Sunday Courier-Journal one year.....                  | 2 50   |
| The Sun and the Louisville daily Herald one year.....                 | 3 62   |
| The Sun and the Louisville Evening Post one year.....                 | 4 00   |

The Titijsak's Liar Exposed. Titijsaks are a species of lizard of the chameleon family, some of them three inches long. They crawl anywhere, having a preference for the inner side of a man's shirt. In India titijsaks are desirable, as they devour mosquitoes and other insects.

## Heart Troubles

The heart may be weak just the same as the eyes, stomach or other organs. It often happens that a person is born with a weak heart. Then again disease, fevers, over-exertion, anxiety, nervousness, rheumatism, etc., weaken the heart. The result is shortness of breath, palpitation, pain in the heart, or in some of the nerves of the chest or abdomen. The heart should be strengthened with a tonic, and for this nothing equals Dr. Miles' Heart Cure.

"I had LaGrippe last fall as I thought in a mild form. I was weak, tired feeling, and short of breath could hardly go about, and a good deal of the time sort of an asthmatic breathing, and extremely nervous. I began taking Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and Nervine and now I feel so much better in every way. I am so thankful that I began taking this medicine, and shall not hesitate to tell others how much good it has done me."

MISS F. J. NORTON, Freenville, New York.  
Your druggist sells Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, and we authorize him to return price of first bottle (only) if it fails to benefit you.  
Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.



## GOLD MEDAL FIELD SEEDS

THE SURE-GROWING KIND

Are a safe proposition for us because we can buy them under any guarantee that any shipment found to be unsatisfactory can be returned at the shipper's expense.

That means no chance of our having poor seeds in stock. Doesn't that make GOLD MEDAL SEEDS a pretty good proposition for you?

J. M. Trent, Willisburg, Ky.

# It Makes Your Feed Go Farther

The stock raiser who gets the largest profits is the one who has found how to reduce the proportion of food that is wasted through lack of assimilation. Every pound of food that is not turned into tissue is absolute waste. The way to stop it is to feed all your stock

## DR. HESS' STOCK FOOD

It tones up the digestive organs, gives the animal an appetite and helps it to get every bit of the food value out of what it eats. With the price of all feed high you cannot afford to do without Dr. Hess' Stock Food and Poultry Pan-a-Cea.

### Prescriptions a Specialty.

Pure Drugs,  
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, etc.

## RED + DRUG ..STORE..

LEO HAYDON, Prop.

SPRINGFIELD, KY.

## SPRINGFIELD SUN

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.



SUBSCRIPTION, -- ONE DOLLAR.  
(In Advance.)

H. L. SMITH, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at the postoffice at Springfield Ky., for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year.....\$1.00  
Six Months......50  
Three Months......25

### Democratic Ticket.



CIRCUIT JUDGE--I. H. Thurman.  
COMMONWEALTH'S ATTORNEY--  
C. S. Hill, of Marion County.  
COUNTY JUDGE--B. L. Litsey.  
COUNTY CLERK--W. F. Booker.  
CIRCUIT CLERK--Robt. Noe.  
COUNTY ATTORNEY--T. Scott Mayes.  
SHERIFF--S. J. Anderson.  
SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT--J. W. Bush.  
JAILER--Geo. D. Catlett.  
ASSESSOR--W. T. Mitchell.  
SURVEYOR--Wm. G. Roberts.

### Paralytic Stroke.

Mr. Frank Hall, a well-known citizen of the community and a veteran of the Civil War, suffered a stroke of paralysis last week at the home of his son, Hugh Hall. We are glad to state that the latest report received by The Sun was to the effect that Mr. Hall is improving.

### Are Quietly Married.

Lebanon Enterprise: Miss Lula Maye Barnes and Mr. Charles I. Coakley were married at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. John W. Crum, on Mulberry street, Wednesday evening at seven o'clock. Owing to a recent bereavement in the bride's family the wedding was a very quiet one. Rev. W. P. Walden performing the ceremony in the presence of only a few of the relatives and close friends of the young people. There were no attendants, and following the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Coakley left for Campbellsville where, after March 1, they will be at home to their friends. Mr. Coakley is a member of the firm of Coakley & Durham, and is one of Campbellsville's well known young business men. The bride was formerly of Nelson county, but for a number of years past has been making her home in Lebanon, and during this time she has greatly endeared herself to a large number of people.

Kentucky Star Flour. Best made.

## WOOL

### Radical Difference Between the Grower and the Buyer May Bring No Relief.

Washington, Feb. 20.—The fight over the wool schedules in the Ways and Means Committee is far from ended. There is real danger of the substitution of ad valorem for specific duties on wool in the revision of the tariff at the special session. Failing to secure free wool, the large carpet and woolen manufacturers of New England are now bringing pressure to bear upon the committee by which they hope to place the wool schedules on an ad valorem basis. Representative Hill, of Connecticut, one of the aggressive members of the Ways and Means Committee, is leading the fight for the wool manufacturers.

It was reported today that Representative Crumpacker, of Indiana, is looking favorably upon the change proposed by the member from Connecticut. The committee is not divided on the question upon strictly partisan lines, as some of the Democrats insist that if there is to be a tariff on wool it should be specific. An ad valorem duty would be almost as objectionable to the Ohio growers as free wool. Some of the growers insist that they would prefer free wool to the schedules proposed by the carpet manufacturers.

Under the present system of collecting the tariff, values under the ad valorem system are fixed abroad. This, the advocates of specific duties claim, opens the way for fraud and deception, which makes the tariff practically valueless as a protective measure. While the Ohio members are watching the developments closely, they are far from being assured that there is no prospect for a change in the schedules that will prove detrimental to the wool growers of the State.

### Opera House March 6th



### "The Indian Ballet."

In "Two Merry Tramps" at the Opera House March 6. The best show on the road. Twenty characters. Brass band and orchestra. Seats on sale at The Red Cross Drug Store Monday.

### Death of Miss Jarboe.

Lebanon Enterprise: Miss Mollie Jarboe, of this city, died at the home of her mother, Mrs. Mary E. Jarboe, on Mulberry street, Saturday morning, February 13, 1909, after a lingering illness of consumption. The deceased had been sick for more than a year. She bore her illness with true Christian patience, always hopeful, but without a murmur of complaint. She was about forty years old and a daughter of the late Sam Jarboe. Besides her mother, she is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Felix Hamilton, of this city, and Mrs. Thomas E. Conniff, of St. Louis, Missouri.

Funeral services were conducted at St. Augustine church Sunday morning at 10 o'clock by Very Rev. J. A. Harty, after which her remains were interred in St. Augustine cemetery.

In her death, her family have lost a most worthy and dutiful daughter and sister and the community a most estimable lady.

The grief-stricken mother and sister have the sympathy of a long list of friends in their bereavement.

Try Kentucky Star Flour. "So good."

## Notice! Ladies!

Ladies, for 50c I will mail you a prescription for the  
BEST FACE AND HAND LOTION  
MADE.

The prescription can be filled by any druggist, one prescription will LAST A LIFETIME.  
GUARANTEED to make the Skin WHITE AND SOFT AND REMOVE ALL FRECKLES AND BLACKHEADS.

Address,  
M. M. E. LEE,  
817 South New Jersey St.  
Indianapolis, Ind.

The SUN \$1

## Men's, Women's,



## Boy's, Misses,



## and Children's SHOES MUST GO Regardless of cost.

15 pairs Ladies' Russia Calf Shoes.  
worth \$3.50 and \$5, now go at  
**\$2.75 and \$3**

36 pairs Ladies' Black Kid Shoes, in good style, heel and toe, Zeigler Make, well worth \$3.50 and \$4, now go at  
**\$2.50 and \$3**

18 pairs Men's Patent Leather Shoes, worth \$3.50, go in this sale at  
**\$2.50**

10 pairs Men's Tan Shoes, 12 inch top, worth \$5 and \$5.50, now go at  
**\$3.50 and \$4**

We have a few pair of Boy's School Shoes at

**99c a pair.**

Boy's and Girl's  
**School Shoes**  
AT COST.

## THE ROBERTSON-CLAYBROOKE CO.

SPRINGFIELD,

INCORPORATED

KENTUCKY.

### DEEP CREEK.

As your correspondent failed to send in any news from her little vicinity last week will try to scribble some of interest this week.

Most of the men of this vicinity are busy clearing up our beautiful forests in order to make ground for tobacco and get lumber with which to build new dwellings. Most of this business is done at the head waters of Long Run on the farm of Mr. A. J. White and at the headwaters of Deep Creek on the place of Mr. J. H. Elliott.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Coyle had as their guest last week Mr. George Martin, of Indiana, who is back in Kentucky on an extended visit to friends and relatives. He spent Thursday with his sister, Mrs. Sarah Coyle and family.

Miss May Young had as her guest one day last week Miss Ruth Powell, of Gravel Switch.

Miss Susie Elliott visited her sister, Mrs. Benny Burns, who has been sick, one day last week.

The singing which was announced for last Sunday was postponed until Sunday, the 21st.

The Misses Carpenter were at home Sunday on a visit to their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Carpenter. Katie returned to school at Texas Monday and Luchia to her position at Stewart.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Carpenter and children visited Mrs. Carpenter's parents one day last week.

Rev. H. P. Hatchett, of Tatham Springs, filled his regular appointment at the Beech Grove church the first Saturday and Sunday and both sermons delivered were more impressive than ever before. Large crowds were present.

Mrs. Josie Holderman, who has been confined to her home on account of a severe cold, we are glad to report able to be out again.

One of the most beautiful weddings the writer has witnessed for a long time was that of Miss Myrtle Grover Pope and Mr. Jonas Rogers, which took place at the home of the bride's parents on Feb. 10 at 2:30 o'clock. The friends and relatives of both bride and groom assembled in the parlor into which after a few minutes the bridal couple were ushered by Mr. Mattingly and Mr. Stanley Pope, a brother of the bride. The bride was beautifully attired in a gown of white. Rev. R. L. Purdon, in a simple yet beautiful manner, tied the nuptial knot. The couple were complimented with many lovely presents as well as with many good wishes for their future happiness. May their life over

the matrimonial sea be as calm and beautiful as a May day and as they journey along may they find nothing but love and bliss, is the wish of the writer.

### The Crime of Idleness.

Idleness means trouble for any one. Its same with a lazy liver. It causes constipation, headache, jaundice, salivary gland, pimples and blotches, loss of appetite, nausea, but Dr. King's New Life Pills soon banish liver troubles and build up your health. 25c at Haydon & Robertson's.

### HAPPY HOLLOW.

Mr. Gilbert Chesser spent Saturday and Sunday with his sister, Mrs. Solomon Kays, at this place.

Mrs. Nancy Scott spent Saturday with the family of Mr. John Armstrong at this place.

Mr. Sabe Coulter and family have returned home, after a week's stay with friends and relatives at Fairview.

Mr. John Crow spent Sunday and Monday with friends and relatives at Polin.

Mr. J. M. Shields and family spent

Sunday at the home of Mr. John Armstrong.

Mr. C. W. Stallings and family spent Sunday in Springfield.

Miss Effie Coulter spent Saturday and Sunday with Miss Mollie Shields.

Mrs. Nancy Scott spent Sunday night with Mrs. John Crow.

Mr. Colman Settles has purchased a fine driving horse; price unknown.

Mr. Erastus Shields purchased a fine driving horse; price unknown.

Mrs. John Armstrong and daughters spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Perkins, of near here.

Several from this place attended county court Monday in Springfield.

Mr. Erastus Perkins and wife spent Saturday and Sunday with the family of Mr. D. P. Castell, near Willisburg.

Messrs. James Keeling and Ivan Phillips, of Tatham Springs, spent Sunday night with Mr. J. M. Shields.

Mrs. Samuel Coulter spent Sunday with the family of Mr. J. M. Shields.

Mrs. Sabe Coulter and Mollie Shields spent Friday afternoon with Mrs. John Armstrong.

Several from here attended meeting at Willisburg Sunday.

## Public Sale! —OF— HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE

At my residence on Main Street in Springfield

**Saturday, Feb. 27**

Beginning at 1:30 p. m., I will offer for sale at public outcry a lot of

### Household and Kitchen Furniture

Consisting of Elegant Oak Dining Room Suit, Table and Chairs, Stoves, Carpets, Rugs, Mattings, Lace Curtains, Window Shades, new Standard Sewing Machine, Electric Light Fixtures and Chandeliers, 100 bushels of coal and numerous other articles.

TERMS:—\$10 and under Cash. Over that amount a credit of Six months with interest at the rate of Six per cent from date. Notes well indorsed, payable in either bank in Springfield will be required. Rule is to be complied with before property is removed.

**J. C. McELROY**

S. M. CAMPBELL, Auctioneer.

# Great CLEARANCE Sale!

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY

Overcoats, Suits, Ladies Cloaks, Furs, Children's Cloaks, Lace Skirts, Blankets, Comforts, Carpets, Matting and many other Winter Articles. Buy while you can buy less than manufacturers Prices.

New Spring Goods Arriving Daily

We are always ready to show our goods; appreciate a call. Come to see us and be convinced that we can give you the best for the money

...A beautiful line of new Wall Paper Just Received...

GRUNDY & McINTIRE,

Springfield, Ky.

## Dr. G. T. Burton

RESIDENT DENTIST.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain.

CROWN WORK A SPECIALTY.

All Dental Work Strictly First-class. Springfield, -- Ky. Office in Hagon Block, up stairs.

## Local News Notes.

L. A. Burns, and Elmer Yankey, Springfield, have for sale 50 tons of Timothy and 50 tons of Clover Hay.

Try Kentucky Star Flour. "So good."

"Silly Sam" is one of Burgerder's leaders. At the Opera House Feb. 25. Proceeds for the Graded School Improvement Fund.

FOR SALE.—I have for sale at all times Buggies, Wagons and American Field Fence. A. C. KIMBALL, Springfield, Ky.

Kentucky Star Flour. Best made.

Millard Ball, Rt. 5, sold a 4-year-old mare to Henry Hamilton last week for \$171. Spencer Ball sold last week to Tom Cambron a 4-year-old mare for \$145.

The mission study class of the Pleasant Grove church will give a cobweb social at the home of Mrs. Alice Thompson Thursday evening, Feb. 25.

Pride of Kentucky Flour. None purer.

NOTICE.—Having sold our hardware and tinning business to Hatchett & Anderson it is necessary for us to straighten our books. Parties who are indebted to the firm are requested to call at the store at once and settle.

SHULTZ & RIEDEL.

Try Kentucky Star Flour. It's made like grandfather used to make it.

We are informed by Mr. W. A. Clements that the Washington County Board of Control is now making another distribution of the proceeds of sales of the 1906 pooled tobacco; and holders of contracts are requested to present them at the office of C. M. McChord and receive their checks.

Try Center Shot Flour. Best made.

One of the few men who really make an audience "sit up and take notice," is what is said of Clarence L. Burgerder, Entertainer, who will be at the Opera House Feb. 25. Proceeds for the Graded School Improvement Fund.

NOTICE.—All persons having claims against E. C. Cox, assigned, will present same properly proven, to the undersigned, and all persons knowing themselves indebted to said E. C. Cox will come in at once and settle.

L. A. BURNS, Assignee.

Original and well chosen costume character sketches. Stories with a point, bits of tragedy and "jest nuts," by a fellow somewhat different, is what an exchange says of Clarence L. Burgerder, Entertainer, who will be at the Springfield Opera House Feb. 25. Proceeds for the Graded School Improvement Fund.

The stockholders of the Washington County Fair Association met last Saturday for the purpose of electing officers. Judge B. L. Litsey was elected president to succeed W. S. Gibbs, who has moved to Shelby county; S. J. Anderson, first vice president; and Theo. Campbell, secretary and treasurer. The date of the fair will be fixed later.

NOTICE.—I have bought the grocery stock and fixtures of E. C. Cox, and will continue the business at the old stand, opposite the First National Bank. I will replenish the stock as rapidly as possible, and am offering a large part of that now on hand at reduced prices to make room for new goods.

ISAAC CURRY.

The Star Amusement Company will give its last moving picture show of the season at the Opera House tonight. The moving pictures have been on now for about three months and have been a source of pleasure to the people of the town. The pictures have not only been of the highest type but Manager Heuser and Mr. Leo Haydon have done everything within their power to give their patrons many evenings of enjoyment.

## Dangerously Ill.

Mr. Peter Shehan, one of the oldest and most highly respected citizens of the county, is critically ill at his home near Maud. Mr. Shehan is suffering from kidney trouble, which taken in connection with his advanced age makes his recovery very improbable. Mrs. R. C. Boblitt, of this place, a daughter, has been called to his bedside.

## Death of Chas. Donohue.

Mr. Joe Thompson, who lives near Texas, has received a telegram notifying him of the death of his father-in-law, Chas. Donohue. Mr. Donohue resided near Texas in this county until a few years ago when he removed to Oklahoma when his death occurred. The remains will be shipped here for interment. No particulars were given in the telegram as to the cause of Mr. Donohue's death but it is thought to have been sudden.

## Another Legacy Lost



Tommy—Grandpa, will you please blow this candle out?  
Grandpa—Why, Tommy?  
Tommy—Because I heard pa say we get \$2,000 when you snuff out.

## Seared By A Hot Iron,

or scalded by overturned kettle—cut with a knife—bruised by slammed door—injured by gun or in any other way—the thing needed at once is Bucklen's Arnica Salve to subdue inflammation and kill the pain. It's earth's supreme healer, infallible for Boils, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Eczema and Piles. 25c at Haydon & Robertson.

## NOTICE!

I have sold my interest in the store of Thompson Bros., at Litsey, and notice is hereby given that all accounts must be settled on or before March 1. After that date accounts will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. BOOKS AT THE STORE.

Robt. M. Thompson.

7-6t-upd

## Recipe.

[New York Sun]

If food no longer tastes the same. Whatever care they take; If you are sighing for the stuff That Mother used to make.

Arise at 4 and milk the cows, Go out and feed the hogs, Then just to while the time away, Split up some hickory logs.

So stop, before you kick about The biscuit and the cake, And get the kind of appetite That Mother used to make.

## Personal Notes.

Visitors in and Out of Town.—A Round Up of the Week's Personal News.

—Mr. and Mrs. Otho Hatchett have moved into the house on West Main street recently vacated by Mr. Theo. Campbell.

—Mrs. Lena Hooe and Miss Fannie Best, of Perryville, who have been visiting Mrs. Joe Bishop, returned home this week.

—Mrs. Ben Spalding and little son will leave Thursday for Louisville, where the latter will undergo an operation.

—Mr. and Mrs. Len Mattingly, of Lebanon, visited at the home of Mr. J. F. Simms Saturday.

—Mr. Houston Wakefield, of Maud, was in town Saturday.

—Messrs. Will Robertson and Louis Kelly were in Lebanon Sunday.

—Mr. and Mrs. S. C. McGill were in Lebanon last week.

—Mrs. Nannie Mullican left yesterday for Louisville and Cincinnati to purchase a stock of spring millinery. Mrs. Mullican will open her millinery store over the Peoples Bank as soon as her goods arrive.

—Mrs. W. R. Morgan has come to Springfield to make her home with her husband. Dr. W. R. Morgan, who recently removed here to engage in practice.

—Mrs. R. C. Boblitt is at the bedside of her father who is critically ill at Maud.

—Mr. W. L. Cambron, of New Hope, was in town county court day.

—Messrs. J. A. Johnston and T. Irvine McElroy were in New Hope last week.

—Mr. C. F. Haydon, of Louisville, has been visiting his brother, Mr. Leo Haydon.

—Commonwealth's Attorney R. L. Durham, of Greensburg, is in attendance upon court to look after the interests of the commonwealth.

—Mr. W. C. Rogers, of Lebanon, attended the horse sale Saturday and county court Monday.

—Mr. T. M. Estes, of Lebanon, was in town on business Saturday.

—Hon. John W. Lewis and Hon. W. C. McChord are attending court in Bardstown, where they are connected with the Barber will case.

—Mr. J. Robert Mayes and friend, Mr. Threlkeld, of Kentucky State University, spent the week-end with the family of Mr. T. Scott Mayes.

—Mr. J. J. McCabe was at home Sunday.

—Miss Sadie Parrott will leave next week for Louisville to take a course in bookkeeping at Bryant & Stratton's business college.

—Mr. W. S. Gibbs and family left Monday for Shelby county to make their home.

—Mrs. Willard Thompson and Miss Regina Young were called to Loretto by the serious illness of Mrs. Frank Young.

—Mr. and Mrs. Tom Graham, of Cornishville, are visiting at the home of Mr. J. L. Royalty.

## SAUER KRAUT!

Is semi-digested food. Do you know that cooking cabbage toughens the vegetable fibres and makes it more difficult to digest? Food Experts say good, clean, tender, raw cabbage is a fine food for man, but the natural fermentation in Sauer Kraut generates healthful digestive properties that make it better. Sauer Kraut is a genuine pre-digested food. It is often prescribed as a diet in stomach troubles, but it must be good Sauer Kraut. That's why we sell

## Heinz Sauer Kraut

made of clean, peeled and cored heads of selected cabbage and guaranteed to please you. If you don't like Sauer Kraut, perhaps it's because you started on the wrong kind. Try ours. It's a most healthful and economical food.

## Specials During Lent!

We will have FRESH FISH and SALMON No. 1

Try them and be convinced that they are GOOD.

Fresh Bread, Rolls, Cakes and Candies every day

## Katie Hertlein & Bro

SPRINGFIELD, KENTUCKY.

W. V. STALLARD, D. D. S.  
SPRINGFIELD, KY. PHONE 72

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN OR DANGER  
All Work Done in this office is first-class in every respect and just as advertised. (GUARANTEED)  
E. Over McElroy & Shader's Grocery '93

## Prevent Wreck.

Middle Creek, Ky.—At about dark last Friday as the passenger trains were carrying the immense crowd from Lincoln Farm Vernon Perry, Garland Perry, and Noble Perry were standing near the railroad track at Middle Creek, as a train passed. They heard a clattering of wheels and discovered a rail broken at two places, about four and a half feet apart and the broken pieces were lying cross ways of the track, there being only two spikes holding it, the past trucks of the train just passed having left it in that position.

There being three heavy trains yet to go over the road, these boys ran to a nearby house, procured a lantern and telephoned to Tontieville to notify the trains, but one had already started and was flagged down at the bridge before it got to the broken rail. This train carried nine coaches and was heavily loaded, and had it not been for these boys, it would have been wrecked.

The next train was Collier's Special, and the third carried the Louisville police and the State troops. These trains were all held until the broken rail could be replaced. The broken rail was on the worst curve of the road.

## Orchard Grass Bought and Sold.

Highest Prices paid for Orchard Grass. We can furnish farms any grade of this seed.

CUNNINGHAM & DUNCAN.

## FOR SALE!

### A FARM of 203 Acres

Situated Four and one-half miles from Bardstown

Contains good TOBACCO LAND, has eighty acres in grass and fifteen acres of good blue grass woods, also a young orchard. 50 acres of bottom land. A bargain at \$50 an acre.

For further information apply at this office.



SEE OUR MAJESTIC STEEL and ELECTRIC CAST RANGES

## A Point

### To Consider!

In buying a Stove or Range don't be fooled by outside appearance. Some of the most sightly stoves are poorly constructed of the most inferior materials and will not stand hard use. Our aim is to supply our customers with high grade goods at reasonable prices, and in order to do this we buy direct, from none but reliable manufacturers.

Very Respectfully,

O. D. HATCHETT

S. J. ANDERSON

Hatchett & Anderson

Springfield,

Kentucky.

## WEEKLY COURIER-JOURNAL

Henry Watterson, Editor

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#### RAM'S HORN BROWN'S PHILOSOPHY.

When you whittle, try to make something.

Thoughts are things for brains to work with.

The more helpless we are, the more able God is.

God loves to watch a real man go and grow.

Every man needs Christ and Christ needs every man.

Let the aim be high and the endeavor will not be low.

Some of our best lessons are learned from our worst mistakes.

The man who has no mercy on himself will have little charity for others.

The Christian who is not wanting more religion will soon be without any.

God must have us all the time, or he cannot make us fit for his presence at any time.

There can be no failure when we are doing our best at the thing God wants done.

The devil feels right at home in the company some highly respectable people regard as good.

Character decides everything in this world, from the weight of a brick to the size of an army.

The value of the service does not depend so much upon what is done as on the heart with which it is done.

There is a lot of preaching that would never be called preaching if the preacher didn't take a text.

A man is always greater than the thing he does; greater than his thought he thinks, and greater than the song he sings.—Indianapolis News.

#### EPIGRAMS.

The real wit has little to say, but makes that little tell.

Rattling ancestral bones is a poor out.

way of getting a living.

The young long to be happy; the old wish to be wise.

Consideration is the most powerful link in the chain of love.

The wisest are the least sure. The fool has no doubts.

Polliteness is one of the best investments known. It pays enormous dividends.

Fools have their uses now as in ancient times but their professor carries few honors.

It is well to "hold hard" when writing letters. Written words have double weight.

Egotism and Flattery walk simpering arm in arm, while Wisdom chuckles.

The snob enthuses according to his host's bank account, and his final reward is the door.

It's a tossup as to which is the more intolerable, the inveterate croaker or the inveterate joker.

Castles in Spain would be delightful if one only could keep them from toppling over.—Minna Thomas Antrim, in The Sunday Magazine.

"FALL OUT," HE MEANT.

The Rats Held High Carnival Around the Imprisoned Boy.

to see how black it is and another to be outside with not a spear of light anywhere.

Out of the dark, strange shapes, which changed every time he winked his eyes, began to draw in closer and closer about the huddled little boy there on the cold cement floor. And what was a good deal worse, there were sharp squeaks sounding from over his head, out of black corners and cracks in the floor.

It was so cold. Under the door the wind blew in with quick gusts that carried snow crystals from the piles out in the yard. Albert pulled his stocking cap down over his face way to the neck and doubled his hands in under the roll of his sweater. First his feet burned, then they went to sleep, and when he walked it was like walking on somebody else's foot. Shivers ran up and down his back.

The youngster remembered a story, one he had read in the second reader about a man who had fallen asleep in the snow and who never woke up. He was bound that he would not fall asleep. So he took out his necktie which had been given him for Christmas and held it to his ear, first with one hand and then with the other, turn about, so that the finger would not get too cold to hold the watch. The ticking kept him awake until morning came.

On Saturday the boy's father went to two camps of grapes out on the edge of the Bronx, thinking that the boy might have been kidnapped. Then about ten o'clock he went to the school and asked the assistant janitor to make a search of the buildings, which resulted in finding the boy. It was some time before he could speak.

Boy Given in Horse Trade.

Tompkinsville, Ky.—Declaring he had run away from his "owner," Henry Birge, who got him as "boot" in a horse trade, Perry Farce, a white boy, 12 years old, applied to Frank Emmett for a place to sleep the other night. He said he had formerly belonged to Tom Richey of Hart county, who took him four years ago, when his father died, and kept him until recently, when Richey and Birge swapped horses, Richey "throwing" the lad as "boot."

## BOY SPENDS COLD NIGHT IN A SHED

PUPIL IN A NEW YORK SCHOOL LOCKED UP BY MISTAKE IN OUTBUILDING.

IS SOUGHT LONG ERE FOUND

Hungry Rat Comes to Bite Him Under His Vest, and Cold Makes Him Keep Moving for Several Hours.

New York.—Albert L. Percival, Jr., who is only a very little boy, eight years old, spent all Friday night and part of Saturday recently locked up by mistake in a shed in the yard of a school in the Bronx, listening to the squeaking of rats and fighting the bitter cold the best such a little boy could know how.

The boy had heard the janitor's key turn in the lock just a minute after he had run in there to hide from his playmates when school had been dismissed for the day. Even as he began pounding on the door he could hear the janitor's footsteps passing through the yard and into the rear of the school building.

After he had called and called until his throat was sore he began to walk about the dark alleyway of the room.

It was supper time before long, and the little fellow felt the hungry rat moving around. He had often wondered just how badly this Hungry Rat could bite, especially on days when the range at home wouldn't work, and his mother had told him that he would have to wait for his supper. But this time the Hungry Rat did bite for sure—just chewed and nibbled and made a pain come right where the supper ought to have been.

Soon it was totally dark. As he walked up and down the little fellow would keep one hand on the walls to guide his steps. Albert had never been taught that all kinds of bogies and skippy men swarmed the night, but it is one thing to be sitting in the circle of the reading lamp and look outside



The Rats Held High Carnival Around the Imprisoned Boy.

to see how black it is and another to be outside with not a spear of light anywhere.

Out of the dark, strange shapes, which changed every time he winked his eyes, began to draw in closer and closer about the huddled little boy there on the cold cement floor. And what was a good deal worse, there were sharp squeaks sounding from over his head, out of black corners and cracks in the floor.

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## VISITS WITH UNCLE BY

The Paths of Yesterday.  
"Let us go back," says the poet, "to the paths of yesterday!"



Yes, let us go back to the time when life went a-maying, when all days were kissed by a sunshine more beautiful than the touch of a Rafael, when the morning laughed and the noontime beamed and the long, glad afternoon was a time of irrecoverable joys. Let us go back to the old swimming hole, to the place where the big fish bit and the high-flier chattered his cry to the skies. Let us go back to the violet-strewn wood where we wandered in quondam delight through silhouetted shade and fabrics of sunlight.

Let us go back with her whose eyes were as brown as the autumn's leaf, whose lips were as red as the rubied plum, whose grace was as lithe and as beautiful as the waving willow and whose charm was as holy and as wonderful as the thralldom of the princess in the fairy books of our youth. Let us walk with her through the paths of retrospection where the shooting star swayed in the breeze and the wild phlox painted the hillside with the pink and white of the setting sun. Let us conjure up her rosy blush and the silvery ripple of her pulse-string laugh, like the singing of spring water over the jagged stones at the ford. Let us look once more into the depths of those eyes and feel again the confusion we knew of yore. Let us stand beside her in the twilight at her father's gate and get anew that greatest thrill of the first kiss of love. Let us feel the tremor of her hand and the lush, warm bloom of affection, innocent and undelivered.

Let us wander down moonlit walks at night and tell her again the old, old story, ever new. Let us hear again the solemn vows that were made in the stillness of the room when our hearts beat like drums upon our quaking sides. Let us forget earth, heaven, the world and all, and hear but one word, sweet and glorious—a little word of happiness and of delight, the word, "Yes." Let us list again the sweetest music of the sweetest reed, "I love you!"

Ah let us go back to the paths of yesterday, to the land of purity and peace, ere the world had set its seal upon us and marked us for its slave. Let us go back to the glory of the days now gone forever, to build long years to the rust of antiquity and the preter-lapses hours of childhood and of mirth, to the rosy aurora of youth in the Valley of Peace in the land of Paradise!

Let us go back to the paths of yesterday, to the land of purity and peace, ere the world had set its seal upon us and marked us for its slave.

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Augustus E. Willson

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# MLLE. GINGER

BY OMBRE THAMES

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Given a few freckles in the dull redness of her skin, her name might have been Maggie. Without the freckles, the proper noun Sal was the alternative, obviously and inevitably. Seeing her face as it bobbed in profile against the canvas top of the hippodrome, one further deduced that her family name might be Maguire, Hoolihan, or perchance MacFadden. Her hair was sandy red, her eyes blue-green, and through the back of her gown one observed the tops of her corsets, as though her shoulder-blades were upside down.

On the bill-boards, where in wayside places were cast lithographic shadows of coming events, she was featured as Mlle. Zingarella, Equestrienne. And as rehearsed the ringmaster would announce that it was:

"POSITIVELY her first appearance in any JUNG THIS SIDE of the Atlantic. An assertion on the ringmaster's part which would be quaintly veracious, even without specification as to the sides of the Atlantic."

Mademoiselle had not long been attached to the circus train as a performer, and her appearance under canvas, in connection with the World's Show and Giant Hippodrome; had thus far been non-professional and confined to that semi-private period elapsing between the afternoon and evening performances. However, mademoiselle, having made several trials on a quiet old dappled gray, now hoped that she might do well enough in the ring, and was looking forward to her first public appearance—in a riding habit loaned by the manager's wife.

The circus had played at Haverhill the day before. And having come up the river bank during the night it was to encamp on the Dawnsbrink cricket grounds for a repetition of the usual two performances.

Passing in the dead of night along the country roads, with a motley rumble of heavy wheels and a odorous glow of smoky torches, the procession suggested the burial of some victims, or the rolling of drums of the great revolution. Later, in the twilight of the early morning, when the gray radiance of the misty sky dripped down upon the painted chariots and gilded cars, when the wheels of the weary folk were raised in husky curses, when some alien beast, scenting the moist wilderness of the woods, screamed in the anguish of its captivity—later, one remembered the return of an ancient army, when the ranks and heavy-laden with the spoils of barbaric kings. When the risen sun shone upon the chapel spire above the hill, then the circus folk were like only the beggars of Mother Goose, some in rags and some in tags, and as weary and gray with dust as the canvas of the great tent or the heavy-footed elephants that marched in the rear.

The place of Mlle. Zingarella MacFadden in this caravan was also to the rear, where her aunt exercised a temporary sovereignty over the troop of pots and kettles. Mademoiselle's aunt was in the miracle business, and contracted day by day to feed the multitude, with a few small bones on high seas of gravy, and with beakers from auxiliary pools of stygian coffee. Mademoiselle herself was ambitious. She had left the culinary shadow of her chaperon's wings to trudge behind the band wagon in the army's van. This morning in the parade, as mademoiselle said to herself, half asleep, she was to make her first appearance this side of—

High in the gilded stern of the band wagon rode Signor Gaspardi, the aerial artist, whose nationality also was Celtic. The signor's honest brow came brawny from a depth like that of the sky, and the width between his shoulders was the width of the good earth—so thought mademoiselle—and his head would lie as heavy on one's heart as a great weight of gold. With the addition of some rouge and a rub of No. 3 grease paint just before leaving the dressing-tent the signor's skin was that of an angel. And he wore pale pink tights, rose-tinted hose, the most silken that ever sheathed muscles of fragrant steel, and glittering trunks of woven silver and sandals of snowy kid that might fitly have trodden the crimson carpets of heaven—so thought mademoiselle. In fact she thought many things about the signor, and none of them unpleasant things.

What things the signor thought unfortunately had entirely to do with another Mlle. Zingarella—with one Rosina, queen of the slack wire. Her majesty also rode in the great car of melody, on the rear seat close beside Signor Gaspardi. The signor had hurt his collar-bone the day before; indeed when the car swung over a rut. Poor, heavy-headed lad, thought Rosina. Her majesty did not doze. She sat bravely upright, with her feet on the big bass drum her heart leaping high

and higher on the slackness of her thoughts, just as her majesty soared on the silver wire. Her majesty was pretty, and (for a circus lady) young, and the dawn's ermine glow upon her cheeks was quite as brilliant as could be gotten anywhere for two shillings the box.

Mademoiselle, trudging slowly in the dust, might have seen the gleam of the signor's blonde mane and his encircling arm, had she chosen to raise her eyes above the golden bar of the band wagon. But she did not. Mlle. Zingarella Hoolihan was vindictively pondering how, when and where she might, with most disastrous result, sever her majesty's corset strings. Also, she was wondering whether she herself, by any possible means, short of a donkey-engine, could be gotten into the riding-habit of Mme. Jones, the manager's wife.

The very biggest circuses do not come to Dawnsbrink, but it must not be supposed that this was a ten-cent show. The price of the general admission was 25 cents, with reserved seats one quarter more, and a further charge of ten cents, two nickels, or one dime, for the concert after the main show. There were two rings in the big tent with a stage between them. There were two bands under contract never to play the same tune at the same time, and a steam calliope whose notes at frequent intervals during the day would all the echoes between Prospect Hill and the West parish. In the menagerie, moreover, were elephants, three of them, very melancholy looking and small, to be sure, but which would probably grow. Indeed, perhaps this was what the manager was waiting for suggested Tenny Lynde that evening when the beginning of the performance was 20 minutes overdue. Of the riding-habit of Mme. Jones, as of the corset-strings pertaining to Rosina, queen of the slack wire, of unrequited love and sacrifice propitiatory, of vengeance in mysterious ways, Tenny was happily oblivious.

Many fellows had cut recitations to see the parade and to attend the matinee performances, but socially the event of the day came off after sunset. Then on the circus grounds were to be seen townspeople, mucker and patrician, members of the faculty, theologues and academicians en masse.

The fellows laid in vast supplies of popcorn and peanuts, tested the elephants with the conventional plug of tobacco, visited all the side-shows and the menagerie, and finally, when they were about to take up a collection for the purpose of getting the bearded lady to shave, the performance began.

There is a pyrotechnical outburst of melody from the two bands and Rosina enters upon the sawdust wearing the colors of the senior class. Wild cheers and fervent exhortations reward her majesty of the wire. Next appears a deluded lady contortionist in the crimson of a rival academy. Her gold-filled smile and venerable collar-bones do not save her from obloquy and scorn. She retires ignominiously pecked with popcorn. At length there is a startling discharge of small-arms from the band-stand, a crack of the ringmaster's whip, and in the entrance from the dressing-tent appears Mlle. Zingarella.

"Mlle. Zingarella—the Equestrienne," portentously declaims the gentleman in evening clothes. "Mlle. Zingarella—petite, pert and peerless—the little Zingarella!"

She wears the riding-habit of Mme. Jones, and from between her shoulder-blades a wall of fire colligates blue. Her face is flushed a dull even red from her collar to the fringe of her sandy hair. She clings to the born rider of the saddle, and the glare of her pale eyes is fixed between the horse's ears. The band quickens, and the horse falls into the leaning canter of the ring.

"Hi! Ginger!" shrieks a small boy from the level of the canvas eaves. "Viva la Ginger Ale!"

"Three times three for Mlle. Ginger!" A leader leaps down before his fellows. Never receiving a word from mademoiselle, he cracks a more throat-splitting cheer.

"Again!" Again the thunder of leather lungs and brazen throats bellies the canvas sky.

Then in the midst of the third cheer a pause befalls to spread like oil over the surging voices. The band wavers, and in a final snarl of the wind-instruments the tune goes overboard. In a turmoil of chords and discords the other instruments lap indecisively about its slump.

Seeing the saddle slowly turning and the woman making no effort to save herself, the crowd had supposed it a part of the feat; even when the woman's head and shoulders had struck against the ground, third rebounding, they had been undecided.

The beating hoofs had crushed her breast before the girthe broke and she was flung stiff and torn against the circling mound of fresh earth. A clown caught the frightened horse and the crowd began to flood downward through the ropes. Several of the ring hands raised the limp form and bore it out into the dressing-tent. Then the ringmaster nervously cracked his whip and announced the donkey race.

Tenny and St. John, by reason of their nearness to the exit, had managed to accompany one of the physicians whom the accident had called out of the crowd. Mlle. Ginger lay on a roll of canvas in one corner of the tent, covered with a horse blanket. Near her were some women changing their costumes and whispering about the accident. Signor Gaspardi, attired for his act, was holding the girl's hands, and her head rested on the signor's shoulder. Mademoiselle, with lamentations, was alternately assailing the manager and pelting a saucer on the hem of her skirt.

"By the Lord, woman," whispered the manager, "I'd rather it had been the biggest elephant than her! I always liked Sal—a bit rough she may 'a' been, but honest and—never done no one dirty!"

Outside they were beginning to pull up the stakes of the big tent. There was a scent of animals. From beyond the curtain came a murmur of the crowd, the echo of hoary circus jokes, the crash of the bands, and in a pause the cry of a lemonade vender.

"Only five cents—red and white, a cheap drink, a long drink, a cold drink, a deep drink—only five cents!"

Mlle. Ginger stirred uneasily on the signor's knees. She opened her eyes and seemed to listen for the ringmaster's voice.

"Your call," she gasped, raising her eyes to his face. "You fool—hitch—get a move!" She turned her head and kissed the silken fleshings of the signor's knee, then watched him disappear into the glare of the arena. Through the opening she could see his white sandals, left on the crimson carpet, and putting forth her hand, could almost feel the canvas vibrate with the swaying trapeze.

Rosina, costumed for the concert, came from the opposite corner of the tent. She had been crying, and the powder drifted beneath her redness of her eyes. She wore to match her gown a handful of wilted carnations, which the signor had given her that morning. She took the flowers from her belt and laid them gently on the blanket at mademoiselle's feet.

"I am—very sorry!" she said. Her majesty was pretty and her voice was like a circus lady's. And she understood both the use and abuse of rouge. Mlle. Ginger kicked the flowers over into the mud beneath the horse's feet. Then she closed her eyes and waited—waited—waited.

Tenny and St. John, climbing the hill after the performance was over and the tent down, passed a priest on his way to the side of the injured girl.

"She might get well," said St. John, hopefully.

"She won't," said Tenny.

"She might—and start a little store or something, and all the fellows would buy soda water and rabbits and hot-dogs."

"She won't."

"She might—and perhaps the fellow in the pink tights might come back and marry her," persisted St. John, day-dreaming, with the startled solicitude of an elephant crossing an unaccustomed bridge.

"He won't," answered Tenny gloomily. "He's going to marry that slack-wire woman. Saw him kissing her behind the band-stand."

"You see," he went on, surveying the rising moon with disapproval; "the Fates are grown sour with the fullness of their years—they are cynical! Almost day one, if he were young enough, could run the universe better than it is being run. Of course, we have steam heat and electric light, and liquid air, submarine boats, automobiles and airships, and as many forms of enlightenment as there are taps on a soda-fountain, but we are made to live squallid lives and to die tawdry deaths—just as usual—and the music of the spheres is ta-ra-ra-boom-de-aye!"

"That poor girl of the circus—she might at least have died under the canvas, with her head on the athlete's knee, with the scent of the sawdust in her nostrils and the turned out and sweating horses, hearing the rattle of the band. But she didn't. She will die early to-morrow in some miserable little lodging down by the tracks—alone—with a woolly-headed old woman—in the gray dawn. And there will be a smell of frying!"

Very early, before it was yet light, Tenny was awoken by a heavy rumble of many wheels. The tent-wagons, with a long cavalcade of cages and chariots, were passing up Main street on the way to Reading. He watched them, lying on the window-seat in his study, he saw the gleam of the tarnished gildings and the glare of the moon in savage eyes. Aloft, in the smoky glow of the wild torches, sat a man and a woman. She was asleep, with her feet on the big drum. Her head rested on his breast and his arms were about her. A little wind blew cool from beyond the dawn's brink, and the signor was watching lest it bring rain and wet her majesty's beautiful face.

Long after the last painted car had swayed over the edge of the hill and into the plain beyond, Tenny heard the cry of a wild beast, distant, shrill, unholly.

"That came very opportunely," said Tenny, blowing a cloud of smoke across the face of the moon.

"She must be dying now—poor Mlle. Ginger!"

Pinned Under Bowdler Three Days. Cressbach, S. D.—Pinned by his legs beneath a bowdler weighing three tons, for three days, was the harrowing experience of Henry Bechtold, a farmer. The rock lay on one of his fields. He dug under the stone to sink it and had almost succeeded, when it rolled over on his leg. He could reach his tools, and he set to work to dig himself out, inch by inch. After the second day he was almost exhausted from hunger and thirst and could work only a short while at a time.

Finally all but his foot was freed, and with a saw he then cut off his shoe and slipped out. It is thought he will recover.

Granted Aid of Soldiers. The town authorities in Uruguay have been authorized by the national government to solicit the aid of the military forces in exterminating locusts.

## Notice, STOCKMEN



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## L. and N. Railroad Time Table.

| Incoming Trains.             | Sun'y only<br>No. 91. | Daily,<br>No. 43.     | Daily<br>No. 41. |
|------------------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|------------------|
| Arrives at Springfield.....  | 8:25 p. m.            | 12:30 p. m.           | 7:05 p. m.       |
| Arrives at Bardstown.....    | 7:30 "                | 11:00 a. m.           | 6:06 "           |
| Arrives at Bardstown Junct'n | 6:45 "                | 9:25 "                | 5:22 "           |
| Leaves Louisville.....       | 6:00 "                | 8:20 "                | 4:30 "           |
| Outgoing Trains.             | Daily<br>No. 42.      | Sun'y only<br>No. 90. | Daily<br>No. 44. |
| Leaves Springfield.....      | 5:50 a. m.            | 7:15 a. m.            | 1:00 p. m.       |
| Leaves Bardstown.....        | 6:37 "                | 8:50 "                | 2:20 "           |
| Leaves Bardstown Junct'n     | 7:20 "                | 8:45 "                | 3:10 p. m.       |
| Arrives at Louisville.....   | 8:10 "                | 9:35 "                | 5:45 p. m.       |

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# The Springfield Sun

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### VALLEY HILL.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Virgin, of Maud, spent Friday and Saturday as guests of Mrs. Edward Goatley, of this place.

Joseph Goatley, of Cedar View, spent Saturday with Willie Moran.

W. R. Moran, Jr., spent from Thursday with his parents here.

Miss Miranda Tucker is spending the week the guest of Miss Lida Grundy.

Mr. and Mrs. Benedict Jones and Miss Miranda Tucker dined with Mr. and Mrs. M. Reed Wednesday.

Mr. Edward Mitchell, of Hardesty, was in our midst Wednesday.

A. C. Pinkston and wife, of near Litesey, spent Tuesday and Wednesday as guests of T. A. Tatum and wife.

Samuel Tucker recently purchased a thoroughbred mare from W. G. Grundy at \$125.

Mr. M. Reed and Miss Miranda Tucker were in Springfield Monday.

Mrs. Chas. Lewis, of Litesey, visited relatives at this place Monday.

We are glad to report the sick all convalescent at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Reed and Thos. Reed and wife, of Booker, dined with Mrs. Benedict Jones Sunday.

Mr. Robert Thompson has returned to the Grundy Orphanage, after a brief tour of the Golden West.

Mr. William Thompson, of Litesey, was among those who attended the Lincoln Centennial at Hodgenville.

Mr. Edward Goatley and family were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. E. Goatley Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Benedict Jones spent Thursday as guests of Mrs. M. Reed.

Miss Mattie Mudd entertained a few of her friends at euchre on last Friday evening. A very enjoyable evening was spent by all present.

Miss Mattie Clarkson spent Friday night as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Mudd.

In the sudden demise of our esteemed friend, E. B. Clark, we not only lose a valuable acquaintance but a man of influential business qualifications, and the writer joins their many friends in extending condolence to the bereaved relatives.

Among those who attended the show in town Saturday evening were Frank O'Neal, Hark Shehan, Gilbert Donahoe and Jas. Moran, Jr.

Several from this place attended the funeral of E. B. Clark on St. Rose Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. S. Hays passed through our village Friday enroute home, after visiting relatives in Springfield for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Reed, of Booker, visited relatives in this section Thursday.

W. F. Moran was in Springfield Friday as business.

Quite a number from this place attended the horse sale at Springfield last Saturday.

Yocum Bros., of Mooresville, recently purchased a lot of locust posts from W. B. Ballard, of this place.

Several from this place attended Mrs. Temple's Telegram at the Opera House in Springfield Friday evening.

Jas. L. Moran recently sold 24 walnut logs to the Lebanon Lumber Co. at \$11.50 per m.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Reed visited relatives near here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Goatley attended church at New Hope Sunday.

Mr. B. B. Leachman and wife, of Pleasant Grove, visited Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Grundy Sunday.

Walter Goatley and sister attended church at St. Rose Sunday.

J. D. Shehan and son, Pete, visited relatives near Maud Sunday.

Mr. Du Kelly is suffering heavy losses with his flock of stock ewes, having lost a large number of lambs as well as several old ewes. Jas. E. Goatley has also suffered the loss of several fine lambs within the past week.

W. T. Beam is distributing his poles and hopes to soon be connected with the Cumberland Telephone Company's line at the Bloomfield place.

Mr. Klein, of Springfield, assisted by his son, Marvin, did the tinners work, roofing, etc., for Tatum & Co., who

have completed a nice new dwelling for Mr. Phillips, who will take charge of the L. & N. office here, immediately after the resignation of the present agent, Jack Smith, who will return to his home near New Hope.

### PRATHERS CREEK.

Mr. Sam Mayes and family have moved in the house with his father, Mr. J. H. Mayes, to make their home, and Mr. Jas. Holderman has moved to the home of Mr. Sam Mayes.

Mrs. R. T. Best and daughter, Lizzie, visited Mrs. G. H. Christerson Thursday.

Mr. Butler Shewmaker and family visited his mother, Mrs. Frank Shewmaker, last Thursday.

Miss Ella Whitehouse spent several days last week with her sister, Mrs. Archie Sweeney, of Mackville.

Mr. Matt Mayes and wife spent Sunday with their uncle, Mr. Henry Hilton.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Christerson spent Wednesday with the family of Mr. Geo. Mayes.

Mrs. Reed Russell spent Monday with her mother, Mrs. James Lowe, who is quite sick with lung trouble.

Mr. Richard Christerson spent several days last week with his uncle, Mr. George Best, near Jensonston.

Mr. L. L. Mayes and wife have returned home after a week's visit with his father, Mr. J. H. Mayes.

Mrs. Johnnie Russell and Mrs. Sid Russell, of near this place, were in Springfield last Saturday.

Several from this place attended court last Monday at Springfield.

Married in Springfield Feb. 16, Mr. Ed Young, formerly of Kansas City, Kan., and Miss Sadie Mayes, of this place, at the home of Mr. James Barker in Springfield. Immediately after the ceremony the young couple left for the groom's home in Kansas. Mr. Young is a prosperous young man, while Miss Mayes is the oldest daughter of Mr. J. H. Mayes, of this place, and is liked by all who know her. The writer extends congratulations to the newly-married couple and wishes for them a long and happy voyage over life's waves.

The farmers are complaining of losing their lambs from an unknown cause.

Mr. M. D. L. Cocanougher was in this section one day last week on business.

Mrs. Lillie Sweeney, of Mackville, visited her mother, Mrs. W. H. Whitehouse, Sunday.

What has become of our Long Run correspondent? We enjoy reading his newy letters.

### Washington's Plague Spots

lie in the low, marshy bottoms of the Potomac, the breeding ground of malaria germs. These germs cause chills, fever and ague, biliousness, jaundice, lassitude, weakness and general debility and bring suffering and death to thousands yearly. But Electric Bitters never fail to destroy them and cure malaria troubles. "They are the best all-round tonic and cure for malaria I ever used," writes E. M. James of Louellen, S. C. They cure Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Blood Troubles and will prevent Typhoid. Try them, 50c. Guaranteed by Hayden & Robertson.

### Marion County.

Fa'con: Mr. John Coulter, who with his son has been working on the farm of Mr. Chas. Harmon, on the Springfield pike, died last Friday from the effects of a paralytic stroke which he received a few weeks ago. He was about 68 years of age, and his home was in Washington county, to which place his remains were taken for burial.

Mr. Byron Mason, 83 years, died at the residence of his niece Miss Sue Caskey last Saturday, of infirmities incident to old age. He was a brother of the late Mrs. Robert Caskey, and was well known in Lebanon and the surrounding county. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. C. H. Prather and interment was in Ryder cemetery.

Emmett Sturgeon and Adolphus Curry, the former confined for pettulance

and trespass and the latter for selling liquor, cut through the jail roof and made their escape Saturday afternoon. Each had only a short time to serve and were left in the corridor of the old jail. They left no future address and have not yet been heard from. This is the first time prisoners have escaped during Jailor Madden's two terms.

### SUBSCRIBERS FREE COLUMN.

J. L. Ball, Rt. 5, has for sale a 3-year-old mare. Price \$200. Thoroughbred. Pedigree can be given.

W. H. Leachman, Rt. 3, has for sale white seed corn.

Richard Riley, Mackville, Rt. 1, wants to farm a good jack. To stand near Willisburg.

L. A. Burns and Elmer Yankey, Springfield, have for sale 50 tons of Timothy and 50 tons of Clover Hay.

W. P. Merritt, Springfield, has for sale Boone County White Seed Corn. This corn grew 75 bushels to the acre last year. Price \$2 per bushel in ears.

C. L. Brady, Rt. 3, has for sale 4 pair well broke, coming 3-year-old geldings. Three horses and five mares. Will sell in pairs or single.

H. T. Scott, Polin, has for sale a team of horses.

A. L. Perkins, Rt. 3, has for sale a lot of good locust posts, 7 1/2 feet long.

G. T. Clements has for sale 50 tons of timothy hay.

Luther Burns, Springfield, has for sale a good milk cow with young calf.

W. H. Leachman, Springfield, has for sale a fresh Jersey cow.

Riley Comstock, Valley Hill, has for sale a 7-year-old 154 hands high black horse. Will work anywhere.

M. H. Jones, Springfield, has for sale a good milk cow.

W. D. Claybrooke has for sale a thoroughbred Poland China Boar. One year old.

Dr. W. E. Crume, Fredericktown, has for sale a six-year-old fancy saddle and harness stallion.

C. Kimball, Springfield, has for sale White Plymouth Rock cockerels, \$1.00 each.

Mrs. Ed Birch, Springfield, Star Route, has for sale pure bred M. B. turkeys. \$3; hens, \$2.

J. S. Thomas, Rt. 3, has for sale thoroughbred white turkeys—toms, \$5; hens, \$1.50.

Mrs. R. B. Cregor, Rt. 3, Lebanon, Ky., has thorough bred chickens for sale. S. C. Rhode Island Reds, pullets 50c each, cockerels 75c each. S. P. Rocks, pullets and cockerels 50c each. These prices good for one month.

Mrs. J. R. Claybrooke, Rt. 3, has for sale thoroughbred Bourbon Reds. Toms, \$3; hens, \$2.

## Slogans

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## Mr. Donald MacDonald

BY J. J. BELL

The elderly postmistress of Port Sunart sub-office was in a quandary. The mail-bag which the bi-weekly steamer had just put ashore contained seven letters and postcards. The addresses of six of these were familiar to her; the addressee of the seventh was not—or, rather, he was too much so. The envelope, a tightly packed business one, was directed in type-written characters to

MR. DONALD MACDONALD, Port Sunart.

The postmistress read these words aloud several times, also the postmark, which was "London, E. C." She turned the envelope and examined the back with its Oban postmark. With a sigh she laid the packet on the counter and called her mother.

A narrow door at the back of the shop opened, and a very old man came slowly forth.

"Here is a letter for Donald MacDonald," she said, speaking English, as she and her father always did when the matter was official. "And I am not knowing what I am to do with it."

She paused, and the old man looked inquiringly.

"There is the letter. Can you read it?"

He peered at the address, and slowly repeated it.

"It is plain enough," he said. "What is wrong with it, Flora?"

"How many Donald MacDonalds are in Port Sunart?" she asked, meaningly.

The old man began to laugh.

"Well, well, that is a good joke! Five Donald MacDonalds, and a letter for one! God bless me! 'Tis a fine fun you will be having, Flora. There is Donald MacDonald, Fesdale; and Donald MacDonald, Inverewe; and Donald MacDonald, the Ness, and—"

"Will I not be knowing it?" cried Flora, irritably.

"Haf any of them been paying stamps the last mous (month) or two?" her father inquired.

"Gradually, however, a sly smile dawned on his bronzed, bearded countenance. He returned the contents to the envelope, and turned towards the four, who had now grown mightily curious.

"For whom is the letter?" said two of them together.

"For myself," returned the little man, grinning. "I knew it would be for myself."

There was a short silence. None of the four knew exactly what to say. Then, to their amazement, little Donald called for five glasses of the best Talisker.

"You have good news?" they exclaimed.

"It will not be bad news," said little Donald, pleasantly. "But it will be private."

The whisky was bought and paid for.

The little man raised his glass. "Your very good healths, all you Donald MacDonalds!" he said. He gulped the neat spirit and left the tap-room.

Alas for the four Donald MacDonalds! With the second glasses of whisky four fiends, more potent than the fiery spirit, entered into them and would not be at rest. In two bosoms the fiends were Curiosity; in the others they were Suspicion. What was the letter about? Was it really for the man who now possessed it? Ere long the entire adult population—happily, in this case, a small one of some 20 souls—of Port Sunart, was stirred to its minds' depths. The farming and the fishing were no longer the chief topics of conversation; the Kirk controversy then raging was, for the time being, allowed to languish; the hatchet was buried under an avalanche of suggestions and suppositions regarding the mysterious letter.

Little Donald kept more aloof than ever, but it was observed, by those who contrived to see his face at close quarters, that he smiled the smile of one who knows something.

His entering and his leaving the lonely hut were closely watched, and at night the men sneaked along the shore in the hope of making discoveries. But nothing happened.

By the end of a week the situation had become desperate. It was rumored that the little man had been seen purchasing a postcard; a postcard, though no confirmation of his having posted a letter, was obtained. One bold spirit made inquiries at the post office, but the postmistress, donning her glasses in a hurry, sent him off in quick time. His majesty's mails, she informed him with crushing dignity, were private.

From the desperate situation soon became intolerable. The suspicious party called for action, the merely curious echoed the call. Some suggested a deputation, others pointed out that a deputation would either alarm or irritate the holder of the secret.

Then came Donald MacDonald, Silgachan.

"Leave it to me," said he. "I will find out what is in the letter." He was of the opinion that he would.

And that evening Donald MacDonald, called for silence. He was highly respected by the Port Sunart folk.

"If you cannot agree who is to get the letter," he said, "we will send it back to the postoffice in London. Will not one of you open it and see what—"

Five hands were outstretched.

"One of you."

But that could not be arranged.

"Draw lots who is to open it," cried Donald MacDonald, Silgachan. "If it is not for him, he will give it to the right man."

After much talk the suggestion was accepted. The old merchant cut out five small pieces of paper, marked a cross on one, folded them up and shook them long and violently in an empty tin.

"The biggest man will draw first," he said, and this was agreed to in spite of little Donald's protest. "I am the oldest," said little Donald, valiantly.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Donald MacDonald, Silgachan, whose mind was fertile in ideas. "Suppose the man who gets the letter stands a glass of good whisky to each of the others before he opens it. That will make it fair for everybody."

This suggestion was also carried in the face of little Donald's frantic protests.

The postmistress may not have approved of the method for the delivery of a portion of his majesty's mails, but the glasses were causing her such discomfort that she could hardly think of anything else. She was determined to keep them on until the business was concluded.

The drawing proceeded, and the crossed paper was the last in the tin. Little Donald took the letter, and sulkily led the way to the inn, while Flora doffed her glasses and wiped her streaming eyes. She was doubtful as to whether she had done right, but the old man reassured her by saying:

"If it is for none of them, you can still send it back."

At the inn little Donald stood treat in a surly fashion. The others laughed at the glasses of Talisker were set before them. Never before had a man in Port Sunart been treated by little Donald, who was reputed to be a miser.

Gradually, however, a sly smile dawned on his bronzed, bearded countenance. He returned the contents to the envelope, and turned towards the four, who had now grown mightily curious.

"For whom is the letter?" said two of them together.

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